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21 January 1921



THE BIRTH *of* AMERICA

THE BIRTH *of* AMERICA

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA
IN THREE ACTS

BY

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

Author of "American History and Government,"
"The American's Creed and Its Meaning,"
"A Heritage of Freedom," etc.



BALTIMORE

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BY

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

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APOLOGIA

Having missed ancestral participation in the earliest proceedings of both the first colonies through tardiness in the arrival of John Page in the Virginia of the sixteen-forties, together with a like delinquency in the embarkation of John Andrews for Massachusetts in the sixteen-fifties, the writer humbly yields seniority to his betters and respectfully dedicates the following lines to the descendants of the courageous men and women who, in the dawn of the seventeenth century, first established the beginnings of "a new nation" under the Assembly at Jamestown and the Compact at Plymouth, brother enterprises grounded on the inalienable rights of man.

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THE BIRTH OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

IN "THE BIRTH OF AMERICA" the characters are taken from history and their sayings are based on actual events of the day. In not a few instances these sayings are in the exact words of their utterances three hundred and more years ago.

The verification of this statement may be had through consulting the documents gathered and published by Alexander Brown in his "Genesis of the United States." In very brief fashion, also, these matters are set forth in the author's "A Heritage of Freedom"; and the reader may find a fuller discussion from the dramatic and literary viewpoint in Professor Charles Mills Gayley's "Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America,"—both the last-named volumes appearing from the press almost simultaneously and wholly without collaboration on the part of their writers.

To the public, perhaps, the matter of the most lively interest is the appearance of Shakespeare in the play and the evidence of his real interest in, and intimate knowledge of, the first colonization in America. It was both natural and easy for Shakespeare to take an interest in the great enterprise of the London Company, the real founders of the Plymouth settlement as well as that at Jamestown. Among them he counted many of his best patrons, of whom one was Henry Wriothsley, third Earl of Southampton, the able and trusted associate of Sir Edwin Sandys. To Southampton, Shakespeare, with every evidence of admiration and affection, had dedicated his early verse.

From one of these twain the great dramatist must have received in confidence certain details about the wreck on the Bermudas of the Charter Ship of Governor Gates and Admiral Somers, of *Lady Elizabeth Howard* their rescue and ultimate arrival at Jamestown after all had, for many months, been given up for lost.

These details were contained in a "Letter to an Excellent Lady," which also contained important and confidential information of the state of affairs in the first colony. Had this letter reached the king at that time, it would most likely have caused him to assume absolute control of the colony. In *The Tempest*, Shakespeare uses a number of expressions which, apparently, he could have got from no other source than from this letter. The letter was not published until 1625, and *The Tempest* was first put on the stage in the fall of 1611.*

The selection of Lady Elizabeth Howard as the "Excellent Lady," to whom the letter is addressed, is based on the well-founded conjecture of Professor Gayley. She was the widow of one of the *Sir Francis Bacon* founders of the Jamestown enterprise and the daughter-in-law of another.

Moreover, she was the near neighbor of the writer of the letter, William Strachey. It was most natural for her to submit the letter to Sir Edwin Sandys or to the Earl of Southampton. Although Sandys planned and wrote the adroitly worded charters of Virginia, which gradually led up to the grant of self-government to the colonists, the lawyers who

*"The letter was always in the keeping of those vitally concerned until Purchas got hold of it. That Shakespeare was allowed to read it and to use certain of its materials for a play, as with just discrimination and due discretion he did, is illustrative of the closeness of his intimacy with the patriot leaders of the Virginia enterprise."—Gayley: *Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America*.

prepared the technical terminology of these documents for the signature of James I were Sir Francis Bacon and Sir Henry Hobart.†

The correspondence of Ambassador Zuniga and of his successors, Velasco and Count Gondomar, is full of urgent appeals for the extermination of the English settlement in Virginia. These emissaries of Philip III employed spies not only to watch the proceedings of the London Company in England, but to investigate the plans of the colonists in America. Gondomar, in particular, assured James I that Sir Edwin Sandys and his associates of the Virginia Company in London, were plotting to overthrow, in the New World, at least, the doctrine of the divine right of kings, *with a view to creating self-government by the people*. He warned James that their design was not so much to search for gold and to plant tobacco as to take away the government from the King and place it in the power of the people. Referring to Sir Edwin Sandys and his patriot party,

†Michael Drayton, fellow-poet and friend of Shakespeare, inscribed the first verses dedicated to the English colonists in America. These verses, possibly inspired or suggested by Southampton, were written in honor of the departure of the *Sarah Constant*, the *Goodspeed*, and the *Discovery*, bearing the first permanent English settlers to American shores.

You brave heroique minds,
 Worthy your countries name,
 That honour still pursue,
 Goe, and subdue,
 Whilst lovt'ring hinds
 Lurk here at home with shame. . . .

And in regions farre,
 Such heroes bring yee foorth
 As those from whom we came;
 And plant our name
 Under that starre
 Not knowne unto our north.

Gondomar told the King, "That though they might have a fair pretence for their meetings, yet he would find in the end that the Virginia Court in London *would prove a seminary for a seditious Parliament.*"

It is natural to represent Southampton in the rôle of sending a message to Shakespeare; it is natural for him, as the dramatist's patron, to suggest the writing of *The Tempest*; and it is equally natural for Sandys to suggest that Shakespeare should bring with him "a new recruit for Virginia." John Jefferson was then probably planning for his emigration to the new settlement, which he undertook shortly thereafter. It was natural, also, for Shakespeare to be acquainted with Lawrence Washington, the "master of Sulgrave Manor," who was related by marriage to Sandys. The romantic story of the wreck off the "still-vex't Bermoothes" is historical and is reproduced in some detail in the play. The imagination is free to play as it will upon the significance of Shakespeare's conceptions in *The Tempest*, both as to characters and plot.

Captain John Smith's part as the *officially licensed historian of James I* is brought out. In his accounts, he doubtless satisfied his royal master by belittling the character of the patriot participants in the planning of political liberty, both in the London Company and at Jamestown. Nor did he spare the Pilgrims in his sweeping depreciation of his contemporaries. Because the Pilgrims refused his proffered guidance, Smith wrote afterwards of them as follows: "Some hundred of your Brownists of England, Amsterdam, and Leyden, went to New Plimouth, whose humorous ignorances caused them, for more than a year to endure a wonderful deal of misery, with an infinite patience; saying my

*Smith's Part in
Beclouding the
Early History
of America*

books and maps were much better cheap [cheaper] than my self to teach them. . . . Such humorists will never believe well, till they be beaten with their own rod." The first colonists at Jamestown have suffered in historical repute and perspective for upwards of three centuries because of Smith's misrepresentations, and the Pilgrims must have shared their fate but for their good fortune in having, in Governor Bradford, so excellent an (uncensored) historian of their enterprise.

Stephen Hopkins affords a link between Shakespeare's "Bermoothes," together with the settlement at James Towne, and the Pilgrim emigrants. It is comparatively little known that the father of Oceanus Hopkins, born on board the *Mayflower*, had survived the storm immortalized by Shakespeare and had been an earlier emigrant to the Virginia colony. It is interesting, also, to know of Sir Edwin Sandys' active and long-continued efforts to "regain" the exiles in the Netherlands and secure for them homes and religious freedom in America. He began these efforts at about the time of the opening of the first Act, and persisted in them to the time he was removed from control of the London Company by order of the King.

In the last two Acts, all the characters represented are historical except Croatan,—“a convenient conceit”—and Kanawha; so, in effect, at least, are the spoken parts and the happenings by them brought out. Many of the phrases used are *verbatim* reproductions of the original records or of the sayings of the characters represented; *e. g.*, Sandys' reference to government “by consente”; Martin's speech about his special rights;

*Historical Basis
for the Jamestown
and the Plymouth
Scenes and Characters*

the letter from Sir William Newce; Winslow's reference to "one inch of hell," and Bradford's rejoinder about Seneca and his inference as to sea-sickness.

Even comparatively little-known characters like Secretary Pory and Mistress Cicely Jordan are historical figures. Mistresses Jordan and Madison figured in the first breach of promise suit brought up in the New World. Captain Jordan, of "Jordan's Journey," was killed (as were most of the characters represented in Act II, Scene II) in the great Indian massacre following the building of the "College at Henricus,"—the "killing" foretold by Kanawha and the convert Chanco. Mistress Cicely became thereafter the "fascinating widow" of the colony and was much sought after. She ultimately accepted the offer of a pastor in the colony, but "threw him over" for what seemed to her a more likely match. The minister was not to be set aside so easily, however, and brought suit. Mistress Madison was summoned as a witness in the case.

In the last Act, the scenes and characters are so well known in American history, thanks to Bradford and other historians in sympathy with the aims of the New England colonists, that little comment is needed; only, in this play, the historical connection between the Pilgrims and the great leaders of the Elizabethan age is, perhaps, for the first time portrayed.

The idea of a special drama to be presented in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary was indirectly brought to the attention of the author by the Reverend Harold N. Arrowsmith. It was modified and expanded in its conception by reason of a suggestion of President Frank J. Goodnow, of the Johns Hopkins University, in order to embrace the three hundred and first anniversary of the Legislative Assembly of Virginia, which, in 1919, the nation had seemingly overlooked. Cordial recommendations for the further expansion of the play were then made by Mrs. Florence

Lewis Speare, charter member of the "47 Workshop" Theatre of Harvard University, by whom it was subsequently arranged for the stage and produced. The author would also express appreciation for the readings of Dr. James W. Bright, Professor of English Literature; of Dean John H. Latané, Professor of American History at the Johns Hopkins University; and of the generous approval of Julian Street, playwright and author.

M. P. A.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ACT I

- SIR EDWIN SANDYS,
Leading Founder of Liberty in America
- HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,
Associate of Sandys and early patron of Shakespeare
- SIR FRANCIS BACON,
*Counsel at Court in preparing the colonial charters for
the signature of the King*
- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
- JOHN JEFFERSON.....*Ancestor of Thomas Jefferson*
- STEPHEN HOPKINS,
*Survivor of the Tempest, sojourner at Jamestown, and
subsequently father of Oceanus Hopkins,
born on board the "Mayflower"*
- LADY SANDYS*Wife to Sir Edwin*
- LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD,
Widow of Theophilus Howard
- JANE BURRAS.....*Maid to Lady Sandys*
- MANSERVANT

ACT II—SCENE I

- CHANCO.....*Indian convert in Virginia*
- POWHATAN.....*Indian chief*
- OPECHANCANOUGH.....*Brother to Powhatan*
- CROATAN.....*Old Indian woman*
- KANAWHA.....*Indian maiden*
- OTHER INDIANS: *warriors and women*

SCENE II

CAPTAIN WILLIAM POWELL.....*First settler*
 CAPTAIN FRANCIS WEST,
 First settler and son to Lord De La Warr
 CAPTAIN SAMUEL JORDAN, of "*Jordan's Journey*"
 ISAAC MADISON
 JOHN JEFFERSON
 REV. RICHARD BUCK
 JOHN PORY,
 Secretary-Speaker of the House of Burgesses, former
 member of Parliament from Bridgewater,
 England
 JOHN ROLFE
 NATHANIEL POWELL
 ENSIGN ROSSINGHAM. *Nephew to Governor Yeardley*
 CAPTAIN JOHN MARTIN
 PATRICK GOOKIN*Soldier*
 CHANCO, *with other Indian converts*
 MISTRESS CICELY JORDAN...*Wife to Samuel Jordan*
 MISTRESS MARY MADISON . *Wife to Isaac Madison*
 INDIAN IN BACKGROUND

ACT III

WILLIAM BRADFORD.....*Historian of the Pilgrims*
 JOHN CARVER.....*First Governor of the Pilgrims*
 JOHN ALDEN
 EDWARD WINSLOW
 CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH
 WILLIAM BREWSTER.....*Spiritual leader*
 STEPHEN HOPKINS
 MISTRESS BRADFORD.....*Wife to William Bradford*
 MISTRESS ELIZABETH HOPKINS,
 Wife to Stephen Hopkins
 PRISCILLA MULLENS
 OTHER PILGRIMS, *both men and women*

PROLOGUE

Proclaimed by Clio, Muse of History, or by a
"Herald"

(Spoken slowly, intensively)

Alexander conquered his little world, and died, and left us a pretty story.

Cæsar won a larger world, and, dying, left a longer story, with thoughts of imperial power.

Lastly, Napoleon overran many lands and threatened the Earth. But the Empire of Napoleon fell in pieces ere himself was dead.

These three. Theirs was a kingdom of the flesh; and, like all flesh, it ran its span and perished.

Hereupon, we purpose setting forth the greater triumph of one who, on a firm and final foundation, built a KINGDOM OF THE MIND.

His is the immortal soul to establish the immortal principle that self-government may

be added to self-control, and with it man's right to life, liberty, and freedom of conscience.

Confronted and hedged about in the Old World by the "divine right of kings," this Prophet of Progress planned for the New World the Ideal of a "*free popular State,*" whose inhabitants should have "*no Government putt upon them except by their own consente.*"

This Ideal has spread from a single settlement to many States. The many are merged in one, and popular government is extended from sea to sea.

Its appeal has caught the imagination of millions in the older nations and its spirit is spreading over the Earth.

Under its banner, freedom and liberty go marching on—*and the end is not yet.*

Behold, then, the portrayal of the beginnings of this New Order:

THE FOUNDING OF LIBERTY IN AMERICA under the guiding hand of EDWIN SANDYS, patriot, scholar, philosopher, statesman, sage, and friend of man.

THE BIRTH *of* AMERICA

ACT I

SCENE I

Drawing room in the London house of Sir Edwin Sandys, Founder of Liberty in America. Time: Morning in September, 1610, subsequently to the receipt of news from Virginia that the Charter Ship, the "Sea-Venture," with Governor Sir Thomas Gates and Admiral Somers, had been wrecked off the Bermudas, but that "all hands" had survived the storm and had arrived, "after many months," at James Towne.

Curtain rises upon Lady Sandys and her friend, Elizabeth Howard (daughter of George Hume, Earl of Dunbar, and widow of Baron Theophilus Howard, of Essex, who, with his father, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, was a liberal subscriber to the colonial enterprise); also, Jane Burras, maid to Lady Sandys and sister

of Anne Burras Laydon, who, as maid to Mrs. Forest, was the first Englishwoman married in America and the mother of Virginia Laydon, the first child born at Jamestown. Windows are open. From east window an arch may be seen with inscription thereon. Within, table and writing desk; shelves of books; a few large pictures, among which is a recently done portrait of the master of the house. The ladies are evidently expecting visitors and are interested in overseeing the last touches put on the table, desk, etc., with which the maid is busying herself.

Jane: Anst ye talk of what America will be, how do the people fare with wild beasts, wild woods, and wilder salvages?

Lady Sandys: They are brave men that dare a thousand leagues of sea and the red and bloody-minded Indians!

Lady Howard: And even braver women! Wouldst thou hazard this adventure, Jane?

Jane: My sister has ventured it, ma'am.

Lady Howard: 'Tis said that scarce had Mistress Forest stepped ashore, when she lost her maid, thy sister, to worthy John Laydon.

Lady Sandys: Ay, if the whole story be told, she chose him from no less than seven suitors!

Jane: One don't often see the likes o' *that* in Old England, ma'am!

Lady Howard: (*Musingly*) 'Tis said that single men are very lonely over there. (*Pause*) For aught we know about the rest, *six* suitors may yet be single. (*To Lady Sandys*) Sir Edwin has urged others to encourage women settlers. His good preachings may be put in practice here at home!

Jane: (*To Lady Sandys*) I'd venture the v'yage with but 'alf a chance, ma'am. I'm sure, ma'am, my sister would give me a home and welcome. I could work in service for my passage over.

Lady Howard: —Virginia Laydon, the first child born of English parentage at James Towne—may she live long and happily!

Jane: (*To Lady Sandys*)—An' then, I'd want to save the little darlin' from those scalpin' salvages. She is nigh one year old, ma'am. (*Starts to go.*)

Lady Sandys: But stop a moment. Have you not heard that there are scores of Indian women in America to be had for the asking?

Jane: Have no fear of thim, ma'am, with their haythen paint and feathers. My brother William, than whom there be no bolder sailor,

says the *Spaniard* may have them; but an Englishman,—be he Celt or Saxon, holds true to race and lineage. (*Exit.*)

Lady Howard: Canst thou not picture this land of wonders—and the “new nation” foretold by gallant Raleigh? Jane is right about our race and people. 'Tis born in the blood. But we must make Christians of these salvages.

Lady Sandys: That is a chiefest part of our purpose. Great things are astir in these our days.

Lady Howard: Yes, and great men. (*Standing before it, she gazes at Sir Edwin's portrait.*) My noble husband oft has told me that in Sir Edwin England held the master statesman of our age and times—a prophet and builder of a new order.

Lady Sandys: (*Goes over and gratefully embraces LADY HOWARD*) My instincts have ever made me know that my husband is great among men; yet,—it gives me joy to hear from the mouths of others what I have always felt is true. Thy husband was most generous in this Virginia enterprise. So was his noble father, the Earl of Suffolk.

Lady Howard: The patriot adventurers of our London Company have suffered three long

years of steady loss in the Virginia enterprise—enough and more to break the will of lesser souls.

Lady Sandys: And we are like to suffer even greater losses for thrice as long. Those who know our higher purpose look for no sordid gains from this great emprise.

Lady Howard: (*With intense fervor of conviction*) When lesser souls have faltered, Sir Edwin has been a constant star to guide and cheer. I know that he has hid his fears for our daring venture—fear of devastating disease in fever-stricken James Towne; fear of the interference of the King; fear of the news, with every boat, of fatal Indian stratagem or massacre; fear of Spanish spies, and traitors here,—nay, *fear of fear itself* with Englishmen at home. In very truth, thy husband has borne a front unflinching 'gainst the well-considered loss of everything that man holds dear—the loss of home and of fortune, by confiscation of the King; the loss of his proper liberty; and of life itself. Brute courage is a common attribute. With that men are endowed as if by nature; so the lower animals; *but faith, with the courage to endure* such things as these, is granted to but few. Founded on right, 'tis the calm

courage of firm resolve when others doubt, and the courage to bear an equal mien in Triumph or Disaster. Sir Edwin is a *noble man* who walks with kings, nor loses sight and touch with common men. In him is an union of all that's fine and free in our blood of intermingled Celt and Saxon.

Lady Sandys: (Plainly thrilled by the exalted fervor of Lady Howard) Elizabeth, thou art a true daughter of Hume and Howard; thy speech breathes the spirit of thy generous Theophilus, and thy thoughts are inspired by a constant contemplation of a noble purpose. Reflected in thee are the hopes and fears of the greatest enterprise ere planned to benefit ages still to come,—and nations yet to be.

Lady Howard: I know thou hast Sir Edwin's amplest confidence. He has told thee of my letter from Virginia——

*Lady Sandys:—*Addressed to "An Excellent Lady" by thy former neighbor, Master William Strachey?

Lady Howard: Yes, and now thou knowest that which, if further carried, would change the course of history and give us over to the power of Spain.

Lady Sandys: And are there not women in

the world with whom secrets are as safe as with any man?

Lady Howard: Where they touch home and hearth, husband and children.—Thine own house is not safe. When others have kept their peace thy husband has freely spoke his mind in Parliament concerning the threatened rights of Englishmen.

Lady Sandys: Have kept their peace, or worse!

Lady Howard: I know it. Had I, too, not been counted worthy of my husband's confidence, the main hope of the Virginia enterprise would even now be snuffed out like a candle——

Lady Sandys:—I long to hear! I knew something of moment brought thee here from thy sweet Essex downs.

Lady Howard: But recently I was honored by a visit from Lady Zuniga, wife of his Excellency, the Ambassador of Spain, who thought that by some chance——

Lady Sandys:—She would happen there upon letters from Virginia?

Lady Howard: Thou hast said it—but, contrariwise, thy innocent Elizabeth, upon returning the gracious visit of her Ladyship, *guile-*

lessly happened upon a plan the Spaniards have devised for spying out the colony.

Lady Sandys: And what else? thou innocent child! kinswoman of that Howard of Effingham who smote the Great Armada!

Lady Howard: Oh, I told her ladyship many things.

Lady Sandys: Many things about the colony?

Lady Howard: Many things from a simple Englishwoman, which I wot not will much deceive His Majesty of Spain should they reach his ear!

(*Enter Jane*)

Jane: The master has come and with him are two gentlemen. (*Exit.*)

Lady Sandys: (*To Lady Howard*)—The Earl of Southampton and Sir Francis Bacon.

Lady Howard: Should the mantle of thy prophet-husband fall upon another, I pray it will be the Earl.

Lady Sandys: And my Lord Bacon?

Lady Howard: Oh, he is a courtier first and a patriot *whilst 'tis safe*.

(*Enter Sandys, Bacon, and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, friend and early patron of Shakespeare*)

Lady Sandys: (To Bacon and Southampton)
You are welcome.

Bacon: The fame of thy hospitality has spread abroad and there gather here the choicest spirits of these times.

Lady Sandys: I but do my little part to help on a new age. My house is honored by their presence. I know but little of the problems of State. With them I dare not meddle, but every woman knows that a new Britannia is being born across the seas.

Sandys: My love, the Earl (*turning to Southampton*) has sent word to Master William Shakespeare to join us here to-day; whilst I, in turn, have expressed the hope that he bring at least one new recruit for America.

Lady Howard: The stirring verse of Michael Drayton still echoes through the land.

Lady Sandys: We'll leave them to their deliberations. (*To Lady Howard*) Come, let me show thee my wonderful fowl from America. All England will some day be smoking our Virginia weed and feasting upon these new birds. Save Her Majesty, the Queen, I am the first woman in England to have served a turkey. I shall be the first to breed them here.

(*Exeunt Lady Sandys and Lady Howard at right. Enter William Shakespeare and John Jefferson,—ancestor of Thomas Jefferson—at left*).

Sandys: Welcome, Master Shakespeare and Master Jefferson.

Southampton: (*To Shakespeare*) Thrice welcome, thou master player. What fresh characters hast thou conjured back to earth of late?

Shakespeare: Many thanks for thy greeting, my Lord. "*Master Shakespeare*" I owe by our good English right and custom. "*Master player*," if I be one, *I owe wholly to thy earliest aid and patronage*.

Southampton: I count it an high honor that thy verse should be dedicate to me. Thy genius is thine own and I,—I but subscribed to the means that set it forth.

Shakespeare: My Lords, what news have you from Virginia? There are as many rumors on the street as there are sailors in London town.

Southampton: In part, the news is wonderful.

Sandys: Far better than we had hoped for.

Bacon: The Charter is safe at James Towne and those aboard the *Sea-Venture*, who for

twelve months and more we in England had given up for lost!

Jefferson: Admiral Somers, Governor Gates, and all their gallant company?

Southampton: All's well that ends well. They are safe.

Shakespeare: And their good ship, the *Sea-Venture*?

Southampton: The mighty tempest of last June a year tossed the *Venture* on an island of the New Indies.

Sandys: "Bermoothes," as the sailors call it. When the ship struck its rockbound coast, all hands were scattered in the terrible darkness of the storm. Each group thought their fellows drowned and bewailed their loss 'til chance wandering brought them together with every soul on board saved from the waves.

Jefferson: The sailors say that there has been no fiercer storm at sea than this; that strange lights flashed from mast to mast and spirits talked of thrall and free.

Sandys: The storm was truly dreadful, but now a good Providence has become, in the tongue of the sailors, witchcraft, magic, sorcery!

Southampton: A fitting subject for Master

Shakespeare,—a miraculous rescue from the vasty deep,—a smack and touch of good and evil spirits, witchcraft and the like, fit to stir the fancies of men.

Shakespeare: (Aside) A tempest,—the Charter ship wrecked on strange island shores,—the crew lost and found again. Miraculous indeed! *(Aloud)* How came at last the Governor and his following to Virginia?

Sandys: No whit disheartened, my Lord Admiral caused to be built two ships of cedar wood, naming them the *Patience* and the *Deliverance*, and after eleven months all arrived safe at James Towne.

Bacon: The loss of the Charter would have been more grievous than the loss of the ship and settlers. We may not have got another such signature from His Majesty; but our good friend Jefferson, and many other such daring Englishmen do freely offer themselves a new supply on behalf of our GREAT EXPERIMENT.

Jefferson: I am much in spirit by reason of these glad tidings. So soon as I set my affairs in order, I shall turn my face towards this brave New World. It is whispered by those who live under the shadow of a despot here that in this new land men really shall be free.

Sandys: 'Tis a good thought; but we must keep our hopes and fears within our inmost circle. Captain Bargrave (*whom I have since had cause to mistrust*) heard me say that we are setting up in Virginia a free popular State, whose inhabitants shall have no government put upon them except by their own consent. *This, our highest aim, must be hid from His Majesty.* We must prate to him of large returns from gold and silver mines,—(*pause*) *which are not!* (*Laughter*)

Southampton: Captain Smith helped us to a shiphold of shining ore—"fool's gold,"—it was a great blow to His Majesty!

Sandys: Not to say others who had in sight easy gains without expense! (*Laughter*)

Bacon: The recent Charter, giving powers of government to the London Company, points the way to political liberty; but His Majesty sees it not as yet, though the Spanish minister and his spies have hinted darkly of plots and treasons afloat against the divine right of kings.

Sandys: (*Addressing all*) We are much in debt to the skill of Sir Francis in making our Charter ready for the signature of the King.

Bacon: Thou mayst now draw up another such Charter to include the still vexed Ber-

moothes. In't we'll loudly laud His Majesty, but withal draw a second stroke to secure the rights of fellow-countrymen transplanted on this new and virgin soil.

Sandys: If the truth be told, a year ago Captain Gabriel Archer called for a Parliament in Virginia to protest the sovereign rule of Captain Smith.

Jefferson: Captain Archer died in the service of the settlement and merits praise from us in that he, with Captains Martin and Percy, are abused to the King by Smith and other minions of His Majesty.

Sandys: True, Captain Martin is our most successful settler. In command of the *Benjamin*, he sailed the seas with Drake and rescued Raleigh's ill-timed colony at Roanoke.

Southampton: And the noble Percy, the brave young brother of Northumberland. What did the bold but boastful Smith call these three?

Sandys: "Tiffany-taffety ne'er-do-wells!"

(*Exclamations of disapproval or disgust from all*)

Shakespeare: (*Aside*) "The still vexed Bermoothes"—the spirit of liberty. 'Tis worth a play, even if it be a play on words,—*an' 'twill please my Lord and noble patron.* (*Aloud to*

Southampton) My Lord, the story of this tempest enralls my fancies. The wreck of the *Sea-Venture* and the building of the *Deliverance*. I'll create a new character whom I'll call MIRANDA. She shall symbolize AMERICA, and in her I'll portray my perfect woman, unspoiled by social arts or stratagem.

Southampton: Set forth thy play, Master Shakespeare, so that new emigrants may be emboldened to join those already gone. I would recall the lines indited by thy friend and fellow-player, Michael Drayton, writ in celebration of the first ships sailing for America——

Sandys: The *Sarah Constant*, the *Good-speed*, and the *Discovery*, three years since this next December.

Shakespeare: My Lord, he spoke of "brave heroique minds," adjuring them "in regions farre, such heroes bring yee foorth as those from whom we came." (*Rises to go.*)

Sandys: But see, my good Shakespeare, see that in thy play thou dost not make our purpose plain to stir His Majesty's jealous fears for royal prerogative. The land is full of Philip's Spanish spies, and they have the ear of the King.

Southampton: Sandys is right. *Set up a*

parable. Be not too fast in putting forth our prime conceits in this affair, or all will yet be lost. *The hope of liberty hangs upon a thread.*

Shakespeare: (Aside) "A free popular State." I mistrust that phrase. The people may get overset with liberty—vacantly crying hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day!

Sandys: Read this in strictest confidence, Master Shakespeare. (*Hands him MS.*) In these private letters, Secretary Strachey tells the story of the shipwreck *and the intimate state at James Towne.* Were this to reach the ears of the King, he would seize the reins of absolute control, mark us for failure, and justify his act.

Southampton: At James Towne, affairs were critical, but De La Warr has saved the day. In due time, these brave Englishmen will manage their own affairs. *Once that is done—English liberty never goes backward, and the will of kings must bend before it.* With us, this Scottish monarch has overrid our Magna Charta. But *in America*—(Pause) 'Tis not so easy to reach a thousand leagues across the seas!

(Pause)

Shakespeare: My Lord, to-day I dine with

the Master of Sulgrave Manor. Have I permission to acquaint him with the general nature of the news from Virginia?

Sandys: I'll vouch for Master Lawrence Washington. My nephew Robert has won the hand of his sister, Alice.

Exeunt SHAKESPEARE and JEFFERSON.

Sandys: (*Returning across room from a private desk*) On behalf of our party in the London Company I have to-day writ further advices to certain self-exiled Englishmen in the Netherlands, inviting them to leave alien lands and join with our own stock in Virginia.

Southampton: Thy purpose has been discussed before. England's loss in these sturdy souls is Holland's gain. The times are out of joint, but are not proper for revolution. 'Tis best to bear awhile with ills we have than fly to those unknown.

Sandys: Our plan points the way to regain these Englishmen and secure for them religious freedom, as we have sought political liberty at James Towne. I have proposed to them a scheme for self-government and hope to secure a charter from the King.

Southampton: But will this not arouse the

jealousy of His Majesty and put in jeopardy all our plans?

Bacon: (*With a show of impatience at this new turn of affairs*) His Majesty may let these Brownists go, but 'tis certain he'll deny their charter. I must be going on affairs of moment. I attend His Majesty's court at noon to-day. (*Exit.*)

Sandys: We risk much in this offer to the dissenting exiles, but the game is worth the candle. My brother, Samuel, lessee of Scrooby Manor, knows these men of Scrooby well. For William Brewster he has a most particular esteem. Our friends at Court will persuade His Majesty and secure his consent.

Southampton: Dost thou expect the King's consent for these dissenters 'gainst whom His Majesty has sworn all temporal enmity in the hope of winning eternal reward?

Sandys: His Majesty may be reached in divers ways. (*Aside to SOUTHAMPTON.*)

Southampton: (*Aloud*) Marvelous! A haven in America for the harried of Church and State. Will wonders never cease! Sandys, *thou* art the master of magic, Prospero, of whom Shakespeare muttered when thou didst speak of witchcraft, sorcery, and the like.

Thine is the political magic that must create a new order.

(Manservant announces visitor.)

(Enter STEPHEN HOPKINS.)

Sandys: Here's Master Stephen Hopkins—all at once a survivor of the tempest, a messenger from Virginia, and a friend to Master Brewster.

Hopkins: My Lords, I am returned from Virginia, not because of sufferings there nor fear of the fevers which cramp the settlers in the lowlands of the coast. Rather do I see *Opportunity* in America and would carry news and fresh hope to my fellow-countrymen in the Netherlands.

Southampton: Didst thou not in an excess of zeal incite revolution in Bermuda?

Hopkins: True, my Lord, but the sincerity of my purpose and the frank confession of my error won for me the intercession of both the Admiral and the Governor and procured me not mere pardon but their good will and favor.

Sandys: I believe thee, Master Hopkins. I believe in the great purpose and fine courage of thy fellow-Brownists now in exile for their faith in the Netherlands. Here are private letters to Brewster, Bradford, and thy worthy pastor,

John Robinson. We may seem to differ in our tenets, but, like my brother of Scrooby Manor, I am out of patience with those in State or Church who seek by force to fit opinion in a single iron mould.

Hopkins: Thy brother hast been most kind to those who have barely 'scaped the.

Sandys: Beware thy speech—even walls have ears at times. I am prepared to suffer much for the faith that's in me, but I would not so unduly. I would be useful to our cause whilst I may.

Hopkins: I hope to take passage for Holland within the week. (*Moves to go through door by which he entered.*)

Sandys: Nay, take this door and pass not near yonder arch. A Spanish wolf in English wool awaits thy coming and wouldst know thy mission here. Godspeed thy journey.

(*Exit HOPKINS.*)

Southampton: My thoughts are fixed upon our gifted Shakespeare. Thy word of caution was not lost.

Sandys: Thou thyself shouldst be the first to recall that fateful February when his play on our Second Richard caused the great Elizabeth. . . .

Southampton: . . . In her declining years, surrounded, flattered, and deceived as she then was by a group of absolutists who did lead her to betray her earlier and better self.

Sandys: The Court party denounced the play as teaching that authority lies with the body politic and that royalty is responsible to the people.

Southampton: Yes, I was condemned to the Tower; and then, two years later, thou sentest me word of thy hopes of the new king and of thy journey to greet him at Scotland's border to bring him hence to London Town. But these are harrowing memories. I must be hence. Soon or late our Royal Master will learn the truth and move against our London Company. We have those in our ranks who are not of our way of thinking. (*Exit.*)

Sandys: (*Turns to window facing arch—is silent a moment. Enter LADY SANDYS quietly from side. Hands SIR EDWIN a letter.*) My love, I was thinking that just seven years have passed since I, all hopeful of better things, brought his Stuart Majesty through yonder gate, now arched to despotism and—ha!—reinforced by Holy Writ! James has set upon the eastern side——

Lady Sandys: "There shall enter into the gates of this city (*pause*) *kings and princes.*"

Sandys: Thou knowest it well; but over against that perversion of a half-truth, I ever hold in mind the text of the James Towne pastor who preached in welcome of Governor Gates and our recent Charter. (*Opens packet of papers.*) Here it is (*reads*): "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. And I will make of thee a great nation . . . and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Lady Sandys: That is a prophecy that will be fulfilled in God's good time, an we labour and pray for it.

Sandys: The people of America will be free whilst we are half in bondage. They will have free assemblies whilst we still suffer grievous wrongs. But the torch of liberty which we shall light in the New World will serve to guide our posterity here—for in AMERICA "shall all the families of the earth be blessed." (*Opens letter.*) A letter from my Lord, the Archbishop of Canterbury. (*Reads.*) It is as I had reason to suspect—he will not sanction the

departure of the Brownists through England to the New World. Other means for this must, and will, be found. Wait, work, and hope. We are at the threshold of a new age.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I

Open place in forest some thirty miles outside of Jamestown.

Time: Late afternoon of July 28, 1619, two days before meeting of First Legislative Assembly at Jamestown and shortly after the first secret attacks upon the settlers since the marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe in 1614.

Curtain rises on the Christian Indian, Chanco, standing in an attitude of prayer to the Great White Spirit of the Palefaces, face upturned, hands widestretched, with palms towards the heavens. As he stands thus, an Indian girl steals through the gloom, glancing backwards as if fearing pursuit. She glides softly up to Chanco and touches his arm gently, still glancing backwards. Chanco stands stoically, without moving. She speaks softly, calling his name.

Chanco: (*Turns and speaks curiously, questioningly*) *Kanawha!*

Kanawha: Chanco prays to Paleface God. (*Pointing up.*)

Chanco: The Paleface chiefs know and they teach me.

Kanawha: I know Paleface teaching, too.

Chanco: Powhatan, father of Matoaka, sees Matoaka in the sky. (*Again pointing upwards.*)

Kanawha: But (*shudders slightly*)—Opechancanough—he, too, is great chief—he will kill.

Chanco: Yes.

Kanawha: (*Slowly*) Matoaka—Pocahontas—Rebecca. Kanawha would be like her,—follow the white man's God.

Chanco: The father of Kanawha hates Paleface Christians. He will kill you.

Kanawha: Listen to Kanawha. She has heard the old men's council, seen them shake their angry war clubs and cry "Kill the Paleface tribe"! They have sent for Croatan. She will chant the war cry.

Chanco: Chanco goes to the Paleface wigwams. (*Starts, but she detains him.*)

Kanawha: Wait! (*Looking about her cau-*

tiously) Join in the camp-fire council, dance the death dance with the young men. Then when they forget, slip into the deep woods' shelter and go to the Paleface wigwams. (*Tom-toms heard in the distance.*) Here they meet beneath the oak trees.

KANAWHA *slips quietly out and*
CHANCO *glides away in the shadows.*
Tom-toms grow louder; enter Indian squaws, bringing with them wood for camp-fire. They squat in circle close beside it. Enter POWHATAN and his brother, OPECHANCAHOUGH. Enter medicine men and others, hideously painted. Young men stand leaning against trees, scowling, arms crossed, looking down on the group of squatting squaws and medicine men.

Enter aged Indian woman (equivalent to sorceress or witch).

Old Woman: (Turning to POWHATAN) Powhatan, great Chief Powhatan! (Turning to OPECHANCAHOUGH) Opechancanough, strong to fight!

POWHATAN *and chorus of voices:*
Croatan! Croatan!

Old Woman: You call me "Croatan." It is

well. Paleface no more at Roanoke! The moon is dying! Let the Paleface follow the moon! The Great Spirit of the Sun says Kill! Kill! KILL!

Powhatan: Matoaka is dead in the Paleface wigwam beyond the Great Waters. What says Matoaka, my daughter, by Paleface men called Pocahontas?—Matoaka——

Opechancanough: The Great Spirit has tasted Paleface blood! These are dead. (*Makes circle around head and holds up all ten fingers.*) No Paleface dogs! No moon!

(*Cries of assent.*)

Chant led by CROATAN, Kill! Kill! KILL! Tom-toms, war dance. OPECHANCAHOUGH passes by. Looks at CHANCO, who shows no fear and returns gaze—immovable—stoically inscrutable.

While dance and cries of "Kill!" go on, CHANCO slips away.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE II

Jamestown, outside the house of *Captain William Powell*, a first settler, chief gunner at

Jamestown, and a Burgess sitting for "James Citie." A low rustic fence marks boundry between grounds of the house and the cleared land. A gate through which the wives of the settlers appear later.

Time: Afternoon of July 29, 1619, prior to formal gathering on the following day of the First Legislative Assembly in America.

Curtain rises upon *Captain Powell, Captain Francis West, Captain Samuel Jordan, Isaac Madison, John Jefferson, the Reverend Richard Buck, and John Pory*, newly-arrived Secretary under *Governor Yeardley* and former member of Parliament from Bridgewater, England.

Rev. Buck: Praise be to God! To-morrow's the day when the free men of these plantations meet to make laws in their own right.

West: 'Twill summon the first Parliament in the New World.

Jefferson: Fortunately the first but happily not the last. I foresee as many Parliaments as there are settlements on these thousand miles of coast.

West: True, word has just come that Bradford, Brewster, and the Separatists now in the Netherlands have a patent from our London

Company and are preparing to take ship for America.

Powell: For some place, it is said, this side of Hudson's river at whose island entrance the Dutch are now established.

Jordan: Captain Argall should have dislodged the Dutchmen as he did the French in Acadie. Did not the great Cabot lay good claim to all this coast in the name of England? But what of these Separatists?

Jefferson: 'Tis rumored that Samuel Sandys of Scrooby Manor saw them safe from England and helped them on to Holland.

Jordan: And now Sir Edwin Sandys helps them on to us! I like them not. They'll stir up strife.

Jefferson: Shame on thy speech, Captain Jordan. Hast thou not caught the noble spirit of Sir Edwin and the Founders of our New Britannia? Wouldst thou, in one breath, praise him for the sacrifice of his private means—nay, for risking life itself—on behalf of our liberty; and then decry him for aiding these most excellent exiled Englishmen to a home in our yet untrammelled world?

Jordan: They teach heretical doctrines and swear no allegiance to the Church.

West: We owe no blind obedience to king or bishop here. America is large enough to shelter men of all beliefs, if they be but good citizens and strive for the public weal.

Powell: I feel that the spirit of thy father, the good Lord De La Warr, is with us in thee, his noble son.

Jefferson: Lord De La Warr saved the colony when hope seemed lost. I heard the news nine years since this next September from Sir Edwin Sandys himself. (*Turning to REV. BUCK.*) He showed me also the text of thy sermon and thy prophecy that "*in America shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.*"

Madison: In America we shall be free to speak our minds. The King will not prorogue our Parliament here, albeit His Majesty has called no Parliament in England for these many years.

Jordan: But the King's *governor* will, if the King so commands.

Madison: An we pay his salary, he will be circumspect enough upon reporting to the King, *seeing that he is beholden to us for his wages.*

(*Expressions of approval.*)

Jefferson: The Spanish Gondomar, successor to Zuniga, has reported to the King that

the London Company has ever been a "Semi-nary for sedition." I fear for the noble Sandys. His writings have been publicly burned and he is threatened with confinement in the Tower.

West: Our Governor Yeardley, who is now given power to do that which Sandys has labored for from the beginning, is one of us and has an interest in this plantation.

Rev. Buck: Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also.

(*Enter JOHN ROLFE, NATHANIEL POWELL, and ENSIGN ROSSINGHAM.*)

Here are further representatives of the outlying plantations—Burgesses gathered from far and near for our great Assembly. Here's Master Rolfe (*turning to Pory*) whose marriage with the Princess Pocahontas has saved us from the deadly enmity of the great chief Powhatan. (*Turning to ROLFE*) Our honorable Secretary Pory, sometime member of Parliament from Bridgewater, who has been asked to preside over the Burgesses on the morrow. (*To PORY*) And here is Captain Nathaniel Powell, who, with Admiral Newport, explored the Bay of Chesapeake to its farthest limits—and Ensign Rossingham, nephew of our noble Governor.

Pory: I myself was present when the Princess Pocahontas came to Court. (*Turning to CAPTAIN WEST*) As "Lady Rebecca," she was presented to the Queen by thy mother, Lady De La Warr.

Rev. Buck: Rebecca was her baptismal name.

(*Enter CAPTAIN JOHN MARTIN, of Martin's Brandon.*)

Rev. Buck: (*To SECRETARY PORY*) Greetings to Captain John Martin of Martin's Brandon, master of ordnance—a captain under Drake on many seas, and the settler who has done most of all to extend the bounds of our colony.

Martin: (*Bluntly*) What's this I hear is proposed against the Burgesses from Brandon?

West: 'Tis said that they will be denied their seats unless they and thou yield special claims for indulgences not granted to the other plantations.

Martin: I hold my patent for my service done, which no new or late comer can merit or challenge. I came with the first supply. I have borne the burden and heat of the day. Shall I now be deprived of that which is mine own?

Jefferson: Special privilege may be granted to no one in perpetuity. We deny only that

single claim of *privilege and exemption from future dues*. All other rewards thou shouldst have—and they are justly merited.

Martin: By the soul of the mighty Drake! I'll carry this matter before the London Company and mayhap His Majesty himself. I go to see the Governor. (*In going off to left, meets middle-aged soldier.*)

Soldier: Sir, it's meself could get no worrk in the auld countrie, so I've me bag and baggage here in me own person. Oi was a soldier in the Low Countrie.

Martin: I, too, fought the Spaniard in the Netherlands.

Soldier: Oi knew ye, Captain, so soon as Oi laid me eyn upon ye! Is it that——

Martin: Oh, ha! ha! ha! Bless my stars! As I live, 'tis Patrick Gookin of County Cork! How camest *thou* here?

Gookin: Oi come from Newce's Town, County Cork, by order of Sir William Newce. (*Hands MARTIN a note.*)

Martin: (*Hums over beginning—reads aloud principal point of interest*) Sir William says: "Wholly upon my own adventure, I purpose sending to Virginia eighty to one hundred

settlers. With them will be shipped some forty young cattle, of which news has reached us there is great need in America. I am promised a settlement at a place which shall be called New Porte Newce in Virginia. Moreover, your noble Governor has writ that he has 'conceived great hope if this Irish plantation prosper that from Ireland great multitude of people, both high and low, will be like to come hither.' "

Good! come with me. Thou shalt make thy home at Martin's Brandon. Virginia is housing men of many faiths—common citizens in a common cause and comrades-at-arms in a common danger. Again, welcome. We are free men here.

Gookin: An' didst ye not say ye would be seeing of the Governor?

Martin: Oh! I had forgot. I'll see him on the morrow, man. Come, we'll have a bit of Dutch ale together.

*(Makes sailor-sign of drinking grog.
GOOKIN delighted. Exeunt on side
opposite to original direction.)*

Jefferson: Our Captain Martin's an Englishman of whom we may be proud. He has won bountiful Success out of black Despair; *but in this matter of privilege, the Burgesses will rule*

—*not the Governor—nor even the King himself.*

Pory: How, man, dost dare defy His Majesty?

Jefferson: His Majesty has attempted no injustice in this matter. Hast thou read Master Shakespeare's play on King Richard? Dost think James will follow in Richard's footsteps, to be succeeded by another Henry? This matter——

Rev. Buck:——Of present interest now are the great acts proposed for the morrow. I have received amplest assurances that Church attendance will be carefully guarded.

Madison: Likewise, there will be laws enacted against excess in apparel. Tobacco has yielded us of late so great returns that some upstart unthrifths here would outgroom attendants at His Majesty's Court! There is yet serious business in taming this great wilderness.

William Powell: And keeping watch on red men, who may *seem* peaceable now, but are ever fit for stratagem and sudden death——

Jordan: Opechancanough has made overmuch excuse, and, to my mind, a false show of penitence for the ten foul murders done this past springtime.

Powell: Our supplies of powder ran short, Master Pory. The naturals no longer heard the ring of our fowling pieces. They believed our guns were "sick," as are early settlers with the ague and fever of the lowlands. That made them bold.

Jordan: Their penitence is Opechanca-nough's pretense. They do not try to apprehend the murderers.

West: It is said their fathers surprised De Ayllon and three hundred Spaniards on this very coast. We face Indian attacks from within and Spanish invasion from without—forts on the Chesapeake and stockades against the wilderness.

Powell: Old Argall hanged, sans judge and jury, some seven of these Spanish spies, as an ensample to the rest.

Rev. Buck: Brethren and Christians all, should we not forget the offenses of certain untutored and perchance wronged salvages? Are we not gaining new converts? Powhatan himself has heard me in most solemn fashion, and a handsome *tithe of our increasing means has been given for the education of all these naturals*. To which monies also have been added from followers of Christ across the sea; and,

good men, dying, have willed a share of their estates for the conversion of the heathen.

West: On the morrow, laws will be proposed to set aside public lands for a free school and a college at Henricus.

Jefferson: These acts will pass. A majority of the Burgesses favor them. Ten thousand acres of land will be set aside for this noble end.

Rev. Buck: In England, Master George Thorpe has taken to himself an Indian boy and showed him how to read and write. What he has done with this one natural, he purposes to do with many others. He will join us in the next supply.

Enter CHANCO (*Indian convert*)—*in background*—*accompanied by Indian group.* Beckons to CAPTAIN WEST and JOHN ROLFE. They confer at distance.

Rev. Buck: (*Pointing to group*) There are certain of our Christian converts, Master Pory. Chanco, their leader, is our near neighbor; others are from the East Shore of Virginia across the Bay. They are the subjects of Debedeavon, called by us "The Laughing King". He and his live apart from the Powhatans

amidst such plentiful supplies of fish and fowl as no other land has seen the like.

Madison: The mild climate and bountiful soil makes for milder natures there.

Rev. Buck: Wild and strong they are, yet not given wholly over to savage customs and still more savage hates. On our part, we have not always dealt justly with these naturals, and Debedeavon has attended court for redress of the grievances of his people.

Jefferson: Happily, he was aided by worthy counsel and got amends.

Rev. Buck: Furthermore, he pays the Powhantans tribute to live in peace and enjoy the bounty of his pleasant estate.

Pory: Forsooth, I would be frank with them—and all of you. I do not like these salvages. They move about with stealthy steps and hateful looks. But yesterday it seemed to me that sundry of your Master Rolfe's redskinned kinsmen eyed this baldness above my brow with marked disfavor! Without doubt they thought my scalp and skull would prove the more difficult to divorce on this account. For if, perchance, some damnable devil had to hasten his bloody custom, his clutching fingers would find

no forelock ready to relieve me of mine proper
toppiece!

(Laughter from the elder settlers)

Jefferson: Now I perceive why it was thou
changest thy goodly quarters from high ground
up the river to humbler but safer ground near
Powell's ordnance

(More laughter)

Pory: As accredited minister of the realm,
I've been in France, Italy, and in Greece. In
Constantinople I was given up for lost, where
messages on my person borne were worth a
patriotic killing to any band of worthy assassins,
yet never before have I felt myself in such
jeopardy of my life. Why, one recent night in
that upper dwelling, I chanced to rouse from
sleep and at the window came I suddenly upon
a redskin. It was in the ghost-like darkness
of a spent moon. Immovable he seemed; yet,
gliding immovable-like, he vanished into thin
air! I'd sooner front some *twenty* Turks in a
street at midnight than walk abroad by day
whilst knowing that *one* such redskin lives in
yonder forest!

*(Much show of enjoyment by all, except
Captain POWELL. The latter seems
preoccupied and has frequently glanced*

*at the group containing CHANCO, WEST
and ROLFE)*

Laugh, on, if you will! But commend me to your jolly Debedeavon and a long or longer life on the Eastern Shore! for, by the scalpell Death lurks here by day, and at night looks in the window! Was it not Will Shakespeare who made Cæsar say that, "Cowards die many times before their death"? But also even mighty Cæsar said:

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'
nights."

In double sooth, I swear these naturals are twice as lean and hungry as any Cassius, and withal twenty times as numerous. One may but hope that they do not *think* as much!

*(Exit Indian group and ROLFE and
WEST earnestly talking)*

Rev. Buck: I will join these converts and wish them Godspeed in their mission.

Jefferson: I would go with thee.

Rev. Buck: Come. *(Exeunt REV. BUCK
and JEFFERSON.)*

Powell: Our worthy minister is far too trustful of these salvages. I tell him and all alike that Opechancanough has foul murder in his

heart. He is an arch-conspirator. He thinks in terms of all of us to compass the complete extermination of this colony as that at Roanoke where naught remained but that one word *Croatan*.

(*Enter from house in background MISTRESSES CICELY JORDAN and MARY MADISON*)

Ho! Here's Mistress Cicely Jordan and Mistress Madison.

Mistress Jordan: (Addressing PORY) Again we bid thee welcome to Virginia, Master Secretary.

Madison: When these twain meet together we know that much ground has been covered and all matters disposed of.

Pory: And always rightly!

Mistress Jordan: Quite knightly said, Sir Secretary.

Mistress Madison: Now, what was all that merriment about?

Mistress Jordan: I know it was some brutal jest over the foibles of us poor women.

Pory: Our best thoughts are ever fixed upon the excellencies of the fair sex, Mistress Jordan.

Jordan: I am loath to be a seeming-contrary witness, but our merry thoughts were at Secre-

tary Pory's expense. He chanced to see what we see daily—or nightly, for that matter—a prowling Indian, when our watchdogs warn them not away.

Mistress Madison: (*Aside and suddenly become serious*) Many of our best dogs have strangely died of late.

Mistress Jordan: Nay, the talk was not all at the expense of our guest. I overheard it said that the Burgesses will, forsooth, tax our appearance, meaning our apparel, in accord with its respective bravery. To illustrate: a man's doublet, or a woman's bodice.

Jordan: A bachelor is taxed but once by that unequal measure, a benedict four times.

Powell: Now how dost thou make that out, friend Jordan?

Jordan: For every frill a married man puts upon his apparel, his wife must needs add three to hers.

Mistress Jordan: Fie upon thee, Samuel, Thy many plants have grown so great that they have rooted out my roses. Money may not grow on trees, but, in America, it lies in leaves and leaves and yet more leaves!

Jordan: And hard and honest labor!

Pcry: By your leave or leaves, ladies, your

good health and a wealthy world of good Virginia weed! (*Proposes toast.*) I fancy I am just beginning to forget yonder wilderness and its villainous dark-skinned denizens.

(*Indian passes in background, catching eye of Secretary PORY*)

Mistress Jordan: Tell us the news from Court and London Town and what may now be the fashions there.

Pory: Well, for one thing, hast thou read His Majesty's pamphlet, "A Counterblast Against Tobacco," duly imprinted in London for the guidance of His Majesty's loyal subjects?

Jordan: Did he decry its use?

Pory: Assuredly he did. His Majesty attempted it, and forthwith sent for a doctor of physic. Citizens of Virginia, I would not stir you up to mutiny and rage, but His Majesty has termed your chiefest source of revenue a "most detestable weed" with "vile" fumes—

Jordan: Why, good Queen Bess smoked it and at once pronounced it "*a vegetable of singular strength and power.*"

Pory: True, but Her Majesty was a woman, and ably disguised her feelings in the matter. Having pronounced her august opinion, she dis-

creetly, and with marked fortitude, retired. I heard the rest from a maid of honor at the Court.

Mistress Madison: Now, is this the sum and finish of all thy knightly speeches, Master Pory?

Pory: Pray, do me no injustice, Mistress Madison. I fear thou dost but draw unwarranted conclusions from my manner of awkward speech. I cast no reflections, only I do most stoutly maintain that woman is the braver sex. I would but stress the point, for I know that since the other night in yonder house, courage is not my strong suit; therefore would I praise it most in others.

(Noise of drums and martial music)

Mistress Jordan: Oh! There go the Governor and his Council, with a brave array of halberdiers! Come! Let's go see what may be seen! *(All start)*

Pory: (Loath to move, aside): A wearisome, noisy fan-fare this! I'll stay and smoke it out.

(Indian appears in background.)

No, I'll join the rest; *(Aloud):*

"The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, *stratagems*, and spoils"!

Mistress Jordan: (To PORY) A fine sentiment! Master Pory. We'll yet make of thee a good Virginia settler. Thou wilt learn to like our company here.

Pory: (*Looks behind him*) Have I my way, I'll never separate myself from it!

Exeunt all.

(*Rev. RICHARD BUCK and JOHN JEFFERSON re-enter together from direction opposite to those going out*)

Rev. Buck: Chanco must be wrong. The very fervor of his conversion and his excess of zeal for our faith misleads him. I cannot believe so ill of these benighted children of the forest. They do not plan our complete extermination here. We shall establish schools for them, buy land of them, and trade with them.

Jefferson: The untutored savage apprehends little of our religious form and ceremony and naught as yet of political liberty, self-control, and self-government. (*With great fervor*): But to-morrow the General Assembly of Vir-

ginia will make history that shall be echoed and re-echoed throughout the world. To-morrow we light the torch of Liberty, and the teeming millions of all lands will see it and be glad. For some it will be a beacon to guide their footsteps hither, and the first to come will be our own exiled Englishmen in the Netherlands; others in the Old World will be inspired to emulate this example and free themselves from tyranny. Here let us scotch autocracy forever, and may our watchword be—*Sic Semper Tyrannis*. America for the free.

Curtain

ACT III

SCENE I

Cabin of *Mayflower*. Time: Afternoon of November 20, (N.S.) 1620.

Curtain rises on William Bradford, seated at table writing. Mistress Bradford near at hand apparently busy in expectation of a meeting. Spinning wheel, etc. Knock at door of cabin. Mistress Bradford goes to door and opens slightly.

Bradford: (Looking up from work) Who's there?

Mistress Bradford: 'Tis Mistress Elizabeth Hopkins and Priscilla Mullens, come to ask if they may be useful here. I have told them thou wast at thy work in preparation for special counselling on our future course.

Bradford: My report is finished. Bid them enter.

(*Enter MISTRESS HOPKINS and PRISCILLA MULLENS*)

Priscilla, my child, how fares thy father after his chill and long exposure to the storm?

Priscilla: Praise be to God, he is improved and hopes to be upon his feet again.

Bradford: (*To MISTRESS HOPKINS*) Hast thy husband returned with the party of exploration? I put much faith in his service to us here. He has had rare experience of shipwreck at sea; and, at James Towne, did also learn some knowledge of this new country.

Mistress Hopkins: I have seen them leaving the shore and pulling hard for the ship. I had feared for their safety. They have been gone since the early dawn of yesterday.

(*Enter JOHN CARVER, JOHN ALDEN, and EDWARD WINSLOW*)

Bradford: You are in proper time, Master Carver. (*To JOHN ALDEN*) I know that our

modest and ever faithful John Alden comes to report the completion of repairs on our wrecked boat, else he would not now be present.

John Alden: (Who has not failed to see PRISCILLA—at a distance—under some embarrassment) It is—that is—it is very nearly so. Master Carver asked me in.

(BRADFORD smiles slightly and looks inquiringly at WINSLOW)

Carver: Winslow did not go with the rest. With William Mullens he has suffered greatly from last Friday's storm and the overturning of the boat.

Mistress Bradford: We have been on board this ship three-score days and more. I trust that the time to land be not much longer delayed. Not a few have been rendered ill from our cramped quarters here.

Winslow: If our stormy voyage to these shores be, as termed by Elder Brewster, "one inch of hell," it was, in truth, a most slow inch in passing. Assuredly, I'll not be the first to offer to retrace it!

Mistress Bradford: The Master of the *Mayflower* himself declared he ne'er has seen a more furious ocean.

Bradford: A firm and stable earth is our

proper element. We need not marvel at our long disquietude, now happily past; we have in the sayings of Seneca, sage of ancient Rome, that he was "much affected" with sailing a few leagues off the coast of Italy.

(*Enter* MILES STANDISH, ELDER BREWSTER *and* STEPHEN HOPKINS)

Carver: Here at last are Captain Standish, Elder Brewster, and our experienced Master Hopkins. Are the others returned safe to the *Mayflower*?

Standish: All are returned and are busy with their several duties ere night o'ertake them.

(*Stage business in foregoing as to the women,—and especially* PRISCILLA MULLENS *and* JOHN ALDEN)

Mistress Bradford: (*To* PRISCILLA MULLENS *and* ELIZABETH HOPKINS) Come, let us leave the men to counsel upon certain weighty matters. May God guide and guard their deliberations.

(*Exeunt women*)

Standish: The Captain has declared his unshakable decision that the winter gales be too fresh and perilous to essay a landing in Virginia.

Carver: But the patent of the London Company, which was won for us from His Majesty through the long and patient intercession of our chiefest patron, the noble Sandys, entitles us to land many leagues to the south. Shall we go beyond and above this title, and thus give further basis for complaint to his enemies at the Court and in the Company?

Bradford: This is the coast of New Britannia or New England, named by Captain Smith. From the master of a passing fishing-smack returning from the great north shoals, we learned to-day that Sandys is deposed from leadership in the Company by order of the King.

Hopkins: His Majesty had writ the Company before their fall elections a letter of instructions, to wit: "*Choose the devil, if you will, but not SIR EDWIN SANDYS.*"

Brewster: Is it not understood amongst the leaders of this our enterprise that the more we make a public show of thanks to our friends in the London Company, the more we hurt their cause and influence with the King? His Majesty has already taken sharp offense in that the Company has granted freedom to the body politic at James Towne. His threat to dissolve

the Company may be turned to immediate action.

Carver: If praise be given for this our hazardous undertaking, let it not be given first to *any man or group of men. Let glory and honor be given to the LORD ALMIGHTY.* Man is but the humble instrument of His Holy Will.

(Solemn assent from all)

Hopkins: Captain Smith has been informing against the Company and his former associates at James Towne. He has been appointed the chief *licensed historian* of HIS MAJESTY for the Plantations in Virginia. His "True Relation" is indeed a brave tale in which he falsely glorifies himself whilst he libels those who have opposed the absolute and sovereign rule of the King.

Bradford: Yet, withal, he is a great adventurer, than whom there has been no bolder. I do not despair of him, but rather hope the Lord will show him the error of his ways!

Brewster: He writ letters to Pastor Robinson offering to lead and guide us in the New World. But of a certainty he is not of our way of thought or behavior. We were warned of him by Sir Edwin, whose highest aim he would betray.

Hopkins: Adventurous he is, but jealous of all authority save his own or the King's,—a veritable trouble-maker. At James Towne he was landed first in chains under accusation of inciting mutiny with the crew of the *Sarah Constant*, under Newport's command. His secret appointment to the first Council of the Colony by the King saved him from condemnation and death. Lastly, he left James Towne under indictment of attempt to betray to the Indians Captain Francis West, the gallant son of the good Lord De La Warr.

Bradford: The charges have, however, not been proved.

Carver: They were not pressed to the end. Captain Smith has the ear of the King. Now, seeing that his offer of leadership was refused, no doubt he will abuse us also to His Majesty and in his writings yet to be.

Brewster: We are well rid of him. May the Lord have mercy upon his soul.

Bradford: Without doubt, Southampton will be chosen to the place so long and nobly held by Sandys in the London Company. Though not so wise nor constant, he is as true a friend of freedom as Sir Edwin. Withal it

is said he is to be elected a member of the Council for New England.

Brewster: The last is timely news and well said.

Standish: We have tarried all too long on this coast without decision made. There are those with us who would, as they say, "take their liberty"; since we appear to lack authority in New England.

Bradford: Among those who came aboard at old Plymouth are some not altogether tempered to godliness. They were at the last shuffled in upon us. Therefore, let us act at once, and action here is as good as action yonder. Great enterprises must be met with answerable courages. By your instructions, I have prepared, in part, a compact of Government.

Brewster: This is a rock-bound coast of weather-beaten face, and, summer being done, all things now present a wild and savage hue. But is there not advantage here? 'Tis certain that all of those at James Towne are not like Samuel Sandys of Scrooby Manor, nor Master Jefferson, Sir Edwin's friend. Some would not welcome us as neighbors there.

Hopkins: But His Majesty—

Carver: Albeit the King caused the Dutch,

his allies, to stop our printing press at Leyden, His Majesty has promised the London-Virginia Company not to molest us in America,—notwithstanding which, if there should afterwards be a purpose to wrong us, though we had a seal as broad as the house floor, there would be means enough found to recall or reverse it. *We must rest herein on God's Providence.*

Brewster: Let us hear and discuss the terms of our compact of government. A compact, if wisely made, will quiet certain discontents and murmurings which arise among some and mutinous speeches and carriages in others. Such an act by us done might be as firm as any patent of King or Company; and, in some respects, more sure.

Bradford: Having in good faith clave together through many and sore trials, we may hope to win the good-will of all by a just and equal carriage in matters affecting first, ourselves, secondly, the strangers shuffled in upon us, and thirdly, the naturals in yonder wilderness.

(Takes up paper from off the table and reads):

Therefore, let us, having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian

faith, and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

Hopkins: Knowledge of the charters drawn up for the signature of the King on behalf of our plantations in South Virginia show that we should have both beginning and end of our patent phrased in the legal language of the Court.

Bradford: I have that language here. We would open this document with certain formal words which do always encumber the themes of the doctors in the law. Thus: "In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are under written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland king, defender of the faith, etc." The closing would

be like unto the beginning. Thus: "In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd the 11 of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Dom. 1620." Are we now prepared to sign?

(Assent general)

Brewster: And if we do, we shall prepare to make a landing on the morrow. Captain Standish, are all things ready?

Standish: The neighboring coast has been explored for many miles up and down and not a few inland. We shall throw out guards and make our debarkation and landing sure.

Bradford: Captain Standish, send for the other men of our Company. We must sign our covenant and choose our leader here.

Brewster: Let us give all due diligence to make our calling and election sure; for if we do these things, we shall never fail.

(Others file in)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE II

(Tableau)

Curtain rises upon Pilgrims—men and women—grouped as in famous Pilgrim picture. Door of cabin open (*or other stage effect to give idea of well-known portrayal of historic landing*). Chorus in background singing Pilgrim hymn.

(A chorus should sing at close of each act songs appropriate to the time and occasion.)

